



# CAHUILLA NEWS LETTER

SECTION 36, TOWNSHIP 5S,  
RANGE 5E, S.B. MERIDIAN

NOV. 20, 1956

Volume III, No. 5

## THE ROADS

WORK WAS STARTED ON CAT CANYON ROAD ON SATURDAY, Nov. 17. The hill was lowered, the road on the hill considerably widened, and the "blind spot" at the top seems to be eliminated.

Large tractor----- '8hours @\$15 per hr.---\$120.00

The grader will be brought in to scrape roads according to the money on hand, and it is hoped that several loads of water may be used. There has been no rain this year.

The roads are hard, and should be pretty good when the roughness and bumps are eliminated. The hill road is rock. It should cause no hardship.

McGuire Turn is hardened and well packed. It is now easy to negotiate, but the speeders still go flying off into soft sand. Newsletter hopes to install a stop of some kind to act as a deterrent to the more ambitious of the speeders on the section.

Your reporter, hand maiden and gal of all work admits to complete and dire ignorance of the masculine art of road building. She tries and she worries. She hopes that most of you will be pleased. She knows very well that most of you are very, very kind and tolerant. She thanks you for your gallant confidence.

Nov. 1 Balance \$105.00

Mr. & Mrs. Merril Remington	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Bertrand	4.00
Mr. & Mrs. Curtis Steen	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Perryman	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Henderson	5.00
Mrs. Alice Muro	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. I. Mayer	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. R.P.Hoffman	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. M. Spievak	5.00

Bal. to date \$174.00

Please inform Newsletter of any contributions not acknowledged. This is the only acknowledgement.

Mr. Bancroft thinks that if enough money comes in to scrape the roads every three months, they should stay in good shape.

Letters about the roads! We suggest a few contributions for the roads from the people who serve us, the water man, Butane man, etc. Their trucks probably do as much road damage as the rest of us. And, too, a lot of us should drive slow! Elsie and Morris Spievak.

"Understand from a tenderfoot friend that the road is pretty lumpy." Elizabeth and Charles Perryman. (Lumpy is a kind word).

"When we pay our taxes, why can't each and every one of us ask for some road improvements for our tax money? Or maybe we should all sign a petition and send it in." Catherine Wolf, (We are told it will do no good, but its worth a try. 100 requests should help.)

MR. & MRS. ROWLAND HOOPER lost a considerable amount of lumber and building supplies this summer. They were hauled off the property and used for a bonfire, indicating childish pranksters rather than outright thieves or vandals.

Section 36 has always been proud of the honesty of its people, of the spirit of guarding the neighbor's property rather than defacing it. Olive Visser had never met Jack Saint, when she tried to save the roof of his house during a terrific wind storm.

Several people noticed that the door of Lucien Mitchell's house was open. They not only closed it, but swept the sand out as well.

This is the spirit of Section 36. The young folk should learn to follow.

11-20-56

issue

Cahuilla News Letter

Newsletters

PD -

05-01-1484



NOV. 20, 1956

NEWSLETTER IS A VOLUNTARY SERVICE to the community. It has no salary or expense account. The subscription price is \$2 per year. It is purposely small to attract and hold subscribers. Newsletter wants and needs subscribers. There are no free subscriptions. Sample copies are sometimes mailed. The paper is discontinued if no subscription is requested.

Have you paid your subscription this season?

The \$2 subscription price includes listing in the Business Directory, as a service to both businesses and patrons. It is printed several times per season.

Newsletter accepts contributions and stories. It decides what it wishes to print.

Renew, subscribe, buy gift subscriptions. Your friends will thank you.

#### NEW SUBSCRIBERS

MRS. SHIRLEY WILL, RANCHO MIRAGE  
MRS. ANNA COBB, DENV R, COLO.  
(Gift of Mrs. Wm. Bertrand.)  
MRS. J.A. VOLKER, NAZARETH, PA.  
(Gift of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Bertrand).  
MRS. H.M. REMINGTON  
(Gift of Mr. & Mrs. Merrill Remington).

#### RENEWALS

DR. & MRS. CHARLES B. ALEXANDER  
CALIFORNIA ELECTRIC POWER CO.  
MR. & MRS. IRWIN MAYER  
MRS. ANN CARPENTER  
DR. & MRS. WM. BRENNER  
MR. & MRS. GEO. J. SCHUBERT

#### RENEWALS

MR. & MRS. W.R. ROSEBROOK  
MR. & MRS. PAT DUNDAS  
MR. & MRS. LUCIEN MITCHELL  
MR. & MRS. MERRIL REMINGTON  
BANK OF AMERICA, PALM DESERT  
MR. & MRS. WM. BERTRAND  
MR. & MRS. CHARLES PERRYMAN  
MR. & MRS. WYN ANDREWS  
MR. & MRS. HERMAN HENDERSON  
MRS. POLA FILLMORE  
MR. & MRS. R.O. CAPLINGER  
MR. & MRS. R. HUME  
MRS. CATHERINE WOLF  
MR. & MRS. ED. SCHAEFLER  
MRS. MARGARET HOUSTON.

Subscribers are requested to check for their names that are listed in each addition as they are paid. Notify Newsletter if payment is not acknowledged.

Milt Hunter is learning about Cat Canyon the hard way. Hope he and Lorna come up and relax one day soon.

Nando Claudio and Lucien Mitchell spent one of the precious vacation days painting Mitch's house. Looks pretty. Nando loved it. Rumor says he joined the rush for that beautiful hill property.

Bob and Helen Whitson saw "My Fair Lady" in New York. No bonus, no scalper, no wait. Lucky people, but Newsletter knows no-one who deserves it more.

Aurora Remington, sister Alba, and Baby met Merrill in Los Angeles and spent a wonderful, warm vacation in Section 36. Baby rode with the pilot of the plane, price 26¢. Alba fell in love with mountain, spent hours watching the cutting of the new road to Pinyon Crest.

Mafalda and Rowland Hooper have been running about so fast that friends just wave as they fly by. Dr. & Mrs. Bert Adams visited the Hoopers for two days. Ann is the beautiful blond harpist of the San Francisco Orchestra. Muff's brother, Hugo Guaraldi spent a few days in Section 36.

Pola Fillmore is intrigued with her pet skunk. Visitors Dolly and Lawrence are helping get Pola's new house ready for occupancy.

Helen Steen has been driving to Desert Hot Springs for the baths.

Peggy Steen is feeling rested and stronger.

Hazel Waters saw a bobcat crossing the south portion of her property. She had footmarks to prove it, until a wind storm obliterated them.

Bob and Hazel plan to entertain Mr. & Mrs. Rick Davis over the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. S.O. Chambers, who recently returned from a six months' world tour has some fascinating tales of her experiences and impressions.

John and Corinne Murray will spend Thanksgiving with Mr. & Mrs. Bud Sell and family, unless the stork has other plans for Shirley.

Delightful note from Marg Houston. Hope to see her in the section soon.

The Allans of Seattle visited the Perryman place last week. The Allans are the lovely people who were so helpful on sign moving day last year.

Curly Schubert stopped at Camellia Shack last week. Nobody home.

Sorry. It is always so pleasant to talk about Curly's Community Work, and his wonderful job with the Boy Scouts.

Mrs. Joyce Berkov writes from Geneva that she is working with the International Red Cross.

Elizabeth Perryman writes that "Charles is so busy, our pleasure will have to wait, you lucky people." Get through early, Charles.



NOV. 20, 1956

## NO THANKS FOR A TURKEY

Paw complained about business long before Thanksgiving. Good movies were scarce. Lemons were scarcer. Expenses and taxes mounted geometrically. Money was scarce.

A few days before Thanksgiving, Maw said, "Thanksgiving isn't just for eating. We have lost much of the meaning of the day by dedicating it to food and football."

Cactus and Allen smiled tolerantly as they do when Maw gets oratorical. "What brings this on, Mom?" Allen stroked the bowl of his pipe.

Maw squirmed, "I was just thinking that this year, we would have a simple Thanksgiving dinner, and take time out to count our blessings."

"Sounds fine to me," Allen punched sadly at the spare tire around his waist, "I need to take off a bit of the lard."

"How are you going to explain this to the grandchildren?" asked Cactus.

"Freddy's first grade teacher is sure to talk about Thanksgiving and turkey. Will you deprive him of that?"

"That's my point," said Maw patiently, "the children should learn that we must appreciate all facets of living in America, not just gorge on turkey."

"Where will this Lucullan feast take place?" asked Allen.

"I think it should be in the desert shack," said Cactus, "if we are going to imitate the Pilgrim fathers, we might make it as primitive as possible."

Allen sighed and rubbed his head. When anyone mentions Cactus Shack, he automatically rubs his head for his six feet three inches of height, and the Coleman lanterns always collide. Secretly, he named it Concussion Shack.

"Don't rub your head," said Betty brightly, "this year we are giving thanks for electricity at Cactus Shack. No more concussions from lamps. Just duck when you go out the back door."

"For electricity, I give devout thanks, believe me," said Allen.

"I'll take off an extra day, so you may expect us on Wednesday."

Maw bought two large chickens, brought them home, put them in the freezer. She thought of her numerous extravagances, returned to the market and bought a twelve pound turkey. She then carefully wrapped it and put it in a box in order to surprise Cactus, as well as the grandchildren.

When they unpacked the car in Section 36, Cactus carried a huge bundle that he had hidden under some papers in the back. "I couldn't stand the idea of those kids and no turkey," Cactus apologized.

Maw said nothing, but thought, "His turkey is so nice and fresh that it will freeze and we can use it another time."

Wednesday was a busy, happy time. She prepared all that she could for Thanksgiving. She cooked a nice dinner, for the children would be hungry after the long ride.

At four o'clock, dinner was well on the way, beds were set up for the company, and Cactus Shack glistened with expectation.

At six o'clock, the roast was cooked. The guests had not arrived.

Maw thought, "I guess Allen just could not resist the temptation to sell some insurance. Sometimes I wish he weren't quite so ambitious."

"Hope they didn't eat on the way," sighed Cactus, "Arthur is so fond of meat, he would really enjoy tonight's roast beef."

At seven o'clock Cactus and Maw sadly began dinner. They each pretended to want an extra cocktail in order to postpone the moment of cutting into the roast.

At last Cactus decided to carve. Allen's handsome new car drove in at that moment. Arthur climbed out of the car, jumped up and down shouting, "Tukey, tukey." Freddy followed, covering his face with his hands to hide his giggles. Betty proudly stepped out, holding her head high.

Allen nonchalantly walked to the luggage compartment of his car, which was partly open. He held up a huge live turkey.

"No Thanksgiving turkey, huh?" he was triumphant. "We stopped at the turkey shoot in Banning and I won a prize."

"See, his high school sharp shooter's medal helped him after all these years," said Betty, smugly.

Maw patted the children's heads. She couldn't speak.

"I got a turkey, too," said Paw, "It's in the refrigerator. I couldn't stand the idea of Fred and Arthur missing turkey, just because Maw got one of her muley notions."

"I got one also," said Maw, "my conscience hurt, so I bought a small one."



"Yippee," yelled Fred deliriously, "three turkeys."

"Wippee," mimicked Arthur, "Free tookeys."

"Come on boys," Allen was having a hard time holding the bird even with its legs tied, "we'll tie Mr. Turk to the post in the patio. We'll take him home and fatten him for Christmas."

"Ga-a-argle," said Turkey defiantly.

Arthur and Fred tumbled over each other in their rush to help with the turkey.

An excited happy family ate dinner. They were tired and ready for bed early. Allen decided to sleep outside. Arthur and Freddy insisted on moving their cots outside to be near the turkey. The unhappy bird alternately drooped or gargled his humiliation.

The family was soon in bed.

Maw lay awake, watching the silver world lighted by the last quarter moon. The glistening stars grew lighter and more numerous as the moon dropped behind Haystack Mountain.

Only the howl of coyotes made the world seem real.

Then the turkey screamed.

"Bad dog, go 'way," said Arthur calmly.

White moonlight showed the bird jerk loose from the tether. It staggered for a moment, tested its wings, and soared clumsily to the top of the hill.

Maw started to run up the slope, but caught her nightgown in a cactus and lost a slipper.

Cactus sneaked up the hill back of the bird, arms outstretched. Just as he closed his hands, the bird hopped nimbly aside, flapped his wings and flew to the top of the water tank.

"Bye-bye, Mr. Tukey," said Arthur.

"Goodbye Turkey," said Maw, "Happy Thanksgiving. Just keep away from coyotes."

A rush of huge wings and a black blot that disappeared up the hill was the last they saw of Mr. Turkey.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. J. Gaston spent a few days at their cottage last week. Mrs. Ellen Doyle of Huntington Indiana was a guest of Mr. & Mrs. Steen. Catherine Wolf plans to spend Thanksgiving at her cottage. Joe Brailic visited with the Murrays last week.

Velma Henderson is making a good recovery. She plans to return to work soon.

Mr. & Mrs. Irwin Mayer and Mr. & Mrs. O.D. Higginbotham went trout fishing at Whitewater on Friday.

THE FOREST FIRE IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS looked so close to Redlands on Monday, Nov. 19, that it seemed to be leaping toward the orange groves west of the city. The smell of flame permeated the air.

Wind fanned the flames into vivid obscene beauty creating a spectacular crimson and black sunset.

A forest fire is a fearsome humbling spectacle. Once witnessed, a person would never again be careless with fire in the wilderness.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, Saturday Nov. 17, at 9 P.M. was a memorable spectacle in the desert. The moon rose, pale and full, before sunset, and gathered brilliance like a radiant bride as the setting sun darkened the backdrop of the sky.

Clear lambent stars increased in brilliancy during the height of the eclipse, and maintained their sparkle even though the moon did not set until long after sunrise.

WINDSTORMS WHIRLED CLOUDS OF SAND DUST ON MONDAY, NOV. 19. Loose sand formed delicate ripples like convent lace on the cut-off from Highway 111 to Highway 99.

The Palm Desert area had less wind and dust than cities as far away as Colton and Ontario.

Cahuilla Newsletter

Palm Desert Newsletter

Arnold "Cactus" Schaak, publisher 1646 Larco Way, Glendale, Cal.

Esther "Maw" Schaak, Editor P.O. Box 145, Palm Desert, Cal.

Subscription \$2 per year

Issued twice monthly from September to July.